THE NATION

APRIL 8, 1961 . . 25c

Collaboration in Injustice

CASE OF THE EXTRADITED PATRIOT

Fred J. Cook

ENEMIES of MENTAL HEALTH

Ed Cray

WHO WON THE CIVIL WAR, ANYWAY?

L. Jesse Lemisch

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LETTERS

Norman Thomas' Position

Dear Sirs: Barbara Deming's article, "The Ordeal of SANE" (issue of March 11), somehow obscured the vital issue. That is the absolute necessity in this country that any drive for disarmament with hope of success shall not be, or be thought to be, under Communist or near-Communist inspiration and control. This is and has been the conviction of the founders of SANE and its present directors, of whom I am one. . . .

I lived painfully through the years when Communists captured the committee concerned with aid to the Spanish Republic against Franco — to the great hurt of our cause. I shall never forget my shock when the Communist Party shifted in less than forty-eight hours to the support of the Hitler-Stalin alliance and disrupted any rudimentary united front. SANE can afford to give no opportunity for similar disasters.

Months before the intervention of the Dodd committee, when SANE began its rather rapid popular growth, we foresaw the danger to which I have referred; some of us saw evidences in certain cases of a pro-Communist double standard of judgment: one for Washington and another for Moscow. Therefore, the directors passed, I think unanimously, a resolution to the effect that, while we were in no position to screen individual members, we did not welcome Communists and would exclude them from policy-making positions. The matter was referred to the administrative committee for careful wording. Unfortunately, the staff and administrative committee found it difficult to agree on the wording; the matter dragged, but was by no means dropped or forgotten.

Then the Dodd committee intervened. In our public resolutions we stated our resentment of its intervention; we never asked or accepted any resignation on its order; we set up our own rules; we offered legal aid to those subpoenaed by the committee. But we still had to deal with our own problem as we have done, and we have not thought that we should be diverted from our primary business of seeking universal disarmament under a strengthened U.N. to fighting the Dodd committee.

This is a personal letter not officially written in behalf of SANE's board. But Mrs. Lenore Marshall has asked me to say that she approves of it. For the record she asks me to add the fact that SANE originated at a conference at her home with the present co-chairmen of the organization, Norman Cousins and Clarence Pickett. NORMAN THOMAS
New York City

P.S. Since I wrote the above, I have seen the Dodd report on his committee inquiry covering "Communist infiltration in the nuclear test-ban movement."

It reminds me of the old days of the Dies committee. It is particularly to be criticized for its gratuitous publication of a list of chairmen of all organizations connected with SANE.

Dear Sirs: I do sympathize with Norman Thomas' position, but it still seems to me a weak one. When he writes that any drive for disarmament that hopes for success "must not be, *or be thought to be* (my italics), under Communist or near-Communist inspiration and control"—in that "or be thought to be" lies all the tragic helplessness of his choice, to my mind. BARBARA DEMING
Wellfleet, Mass.

. . . And in Puerto Rico

Dear Sirs: I was the founder and first chairman of the Puerto Rican SANE. We had the world's most wonderful two honorary chairmen: Pablo Casals and Albert Schweitzer. The first public meeting on April 19, 1959, was a tremendous success. When the floor was opened to a general discussion, a Communist stood up. There are very few Communists here and they are no danger whatever. Yet, immediately I tried to stop him. Why? I felt that even one Communist interested in our goal would keep away the majority of potential members.

Subsequently, the Puerto Rican SANE died a silent death. . . . I know now that I was wrong. SANE exists to stop the nuclear threat of extinction, nothing else. Where the people come from who are willing to work for survival, should not matter. By excluding Communists, we did not achieve any growth of SANE. All we did was to enter SANE into the political field, where it does not belong. ANNOT JACOBI
San Juan, P.R.

Not 'Sponsors'

Dear Sirs: Prompted by a communication received from the Television Information Office of the National Association of Broadcasters, I am writing to correct a statement I made in my article, "The John Birch Society," which appeared in the March 11 *Nation*, to the effect that the society "sponsors" TV programs. The word should have been "recommends" or "endorses." As far as I know, the society has not paid for any of its programs; these are broadcast as part of the "public service" time required of all broadcasters by the Federal Communications Act. HANS ENGH
Santa Barbara, Calif.

Pardon — and Thanks

Dear Sirs: I would like to join the multitude who will undoubtedly write to inform you that the American revolutionary who went to Russia after the Bolshevik Revolution, along with Emma Goldman, was Bill Haywood, not Bill Hayward. (See *The Nation,* March 18, 1961.)

In spite of this error, *The Nation* continues to be the best and most consistent liberal voice in the United States.

ERNEST F. PATTERSON
Associate Professor
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 8, 1961
VOLUME 192, No. 14

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

Kennedy Lays It on the Line

President Kennedy's special message on the military budget calls for an increase of some $2 billion over the Eisenhower estimates. This may give rise to dismay among liberals, especially those who read the headlines but not the message. The figures alone do not tell the story. At this juncture, a $35 billion military budget, in the wrong hands and based on the wrong policies, could plunge us into World War III more readily than a $45 billion budget in the right hands and based on the right policies. Still worse would be a lack of resolution in policy-making which would give a free hand to the war factions. In this respect the President has made his position clear: the strategists are to stop dreaming of preventive war. This particular insanity, which was gaining currency especially among the soldiers in mufti, is now out of the window, at least as far as the President is concerned. And that means as far as everybody is concerned, for the President has made it perfectly clear who is the boss. *He* is. The military are there to carry out the policies laid down for them, and with no more of the loud and loose talk which was licensed for everyone with a star or two in past years.

Mr. Kennedy has his faults, but equivocation is not one of them. In this matter of the encroachment of military on civilian authority, which has been so evident and so alarming, he could hardly be more emphatic. "Our arms," he says, "must be subject to ultimate civilian control and command at all times, in war as well as in peace. The basic decisions on our participation in any conflict and our response to any threat — including all decisions relating to the use of nuclear weapons, or the escalation of a small war into a large one — will be made by the regularly constituted civilian authorities." He and the Secretary of Defense have had the "earnest counsel" of senior military advisers "and many others," but "I have not delegated to anyone else the responsibilities for decisions which are imposed upon me by the Constitution." The Kremlin may read these statements with mixed feelings, but the men there will sense a step toward coherence and sanity which should be reassuring to them.

The military posture of the United States becomes specifically one of deterrence, both nuclear and non-nuclear. In the nuclear field, reliance will be placed mainly on solid-fuel missiles. Someone has apprised the President of the fact that the liquid-fueled and immensely complex Atlas and Titan are a poor reliance for deterrence; he has cut back the last two squadrons of Titans. He is trying to extend the life of the manned bomber, and to increase its deterrent power, by means of long-range, air-launched, ballistic missiles. He has taken several steps which *Nation* writers have advocated, redirecting the B-70 program toward civil air-transport application, and discontinuing the Pentagon's efforts to produce a nuclear-powered bomber which, if it ever flew at any useful speed — or indeed, flew at all — could be employed only as a weapon of aggression.

There is no progress toward disarmament in the President's message; armaments are increased. What has been accomplished is that the armaments are made less unsafe than they were. Further, the tone of the message indicates the possibility of steps toward disarmament. Mr. Kennedy notes that in the public position of both sides, "the determination to be strong has been coupled with announced willingness to negotiate. For our part, we know there can be dialectical truth in such a position, and we shall do all we can to prove it in action." It may be only a straw in the wind, but this President seems not only to know what "dialectical" means, but he is not afraid to use the word in a message to the Congress.

The Warning Forgotten

In his defense message, President Kennedy also touched on the necessity for making military spending serve military needs, not the needs of defense contractors, chambers of commerce, tavern proprietors, or Congressmen. He spoke of the importance of continually reviewing our nearly 7,000 military installations and inactivating those which had outlived their usefulness. He promised to make every practicable effort to alleviate hardship, but added that "it is difficult, with so many defense and other budgetary demands, to justify support of military installations, with high operating and payroll costs and property values, which are no

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longer required for the defense of the nation." He could have gone much further than that. The fact is that President Eisenhower's farewell address of January 17, in which he warned against the "unwarranted influence" of a "military-industrial complex," has already been shifted to the limbo of things best not thought of.

"Defense" covers every form of parasitism, from a billion dollars of missiles which should never have got off the drawing boards, to the diaper-cleaning establishment which would lose business if the soldiers who beget the babies who wear the diapers were moved elsewhere. The *Congressional Quarterly* recently collected some data on this nation-wide racket, carried on in the name of defense, which appeared in few newspapers and created no sensation whatever. The Nike-Zeus anti-missile system, which will soon reach the half-billion-dollar mark without the slightest assurance that it will ever knock down a hostile missile, must be promoted on an even larger scale for the sake of the Army, the Western Electric Company and sundry subcontractors. A $1 billion contract to design and build 100 jet cargo and troop-transport planes having been awarded to Lockheed Aircraft Corporation, Lockheed's Marietta, Georgia, plant will hire another 2,000 men, but Congressmen all over the country are wailing for subcontracts for their localities. A bill authorizing $808 million in new military construction projects covers 790 installations in all fifty states. Chairman Carl Vinson of the House Armed Services Committee happily assured the House that "there is something in this bill for everyone."

Santa Claus is a skinflint compared with the defense colossus, which makes Christmas of all 365 days of the year. Only a few government officials see any harm in this widespread and continuous bounty. "There is no question that the services and their contractors have an interest in maintaining a high degree of tension in the country," says a senior member of the House Defense Appropriations Subcommittee, but he sees no threat of misplaced power. A member of the House Armed Services Committee, on the other hand, says "There is a real danger that we may go the way of prewar Japan and Germany." A former Eisenhower associate speaks of the military-industrial complex as a "floating power" largely free of restraint.

President Kennedy seeks peace through strength and hopes eventually for gradual disarmament. But when armaments have become so popular, and so necessary to economic survival, how does he expect to take the first steps toward reduction of armaments, much less to continue when disarmament really begins to hurt? It is something for the President, and all responsible Americans, to think about long and hard. Dependence on armaments is the beam in America's eye and the rest of the world sees it, even if we don't.

Appearance and Reality

"Laos: At The Brink" was the opening headline of *Newsweek's* special section of April 3. "The test of wills was on," the text began. "It was a test not only of wills but of nerves. And it was taking place on the brink of the abyss that all men dreaded." *Time* saw the Laotian situation in much the same terms. Most of the news weeklies, most of the daily newspapers, most of radio, both audio and visual, pictured Kennedy and Khrushchev wrestling on the edge of the cliff, like characters in a Pearl White serial of a less sophisticated age. But the truth about Laos is that victory for the United States has become impossible and a drawn decision, if it is still attainable, could have been secured at far less expense a year ago. The fact is that a neutrally disposed Laos existed under Premier Souvanna Phouma in 1960 and was overthrown with American aid. It is also a fact that American military assistance to the Laotian Right far exceeds anything the Russians and Vietnamese have provided to the Laotian Left. Souvanna Phouma, who impressed most of the world as a level-headed and honest statesman, blames the United States, and in particular former Assistant Secretary of State James G. Parsons, for the present furore. Senator Fulbright, who surely knows his way around in foreign affairs, said a few days ago that the United States is paying for its mistakes in Laos, that the offers we are making now should have been made a year ago. It would be to the point for the press and radio to tell these things to the American people, rather than to depict the crisis as a sort of athletic contest.

Only a few commentators have told the harsh and inescapable truth — that Laos cannot be kept in the Western camp and only by the greatest of forbearance on the part of Khrushchev can it be kept out of the Communist camp. This forbearance will be exercised, naturally, only if Khrushchev thinks that thereby he may get a good trade in another quarter. Militarily, the American position in Laos is untenable; Khrushchev knows it, the generals on both sides know it, and Kennedy knows it. What the President is engaged in is a tactical retreat under cover of a show of American strength which may save face, but will not save Laos. The probable outcome is a long-drawn-out conference of the fourteen powers. In the end, something like the *status quo* of 1949 will be restored. In the meantime, the Marines will have had a nice ride.

The Nation Dissents

In California and elsewhere demands are voiced for an investigation of the John Birch Society by one or another of the various "un-American" investigatory bodies. By and large the demand comes from precisely those liberal publications and liberal spokesmen who, in

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the past, have been highly critical of the inquisitorial committees. While the outcry reflects an understandable irritation on the part of many liberals over the fact that the investigatory committees never seem to get around to probing the Ku Klux Klan, the White Citizens Councils or any Right-of-Center group, it is nevertheless one from which *The Nation* promptly and emphatically dissociates itself. In season and out, for two decades or more, we have said that these committees serve no useful or proper purpose; we meant it then, we mean it now. Better proof of this contention has never been offered than the splendid public response to the antics of the John Birch Society (which, by the way, we were among the first publications to reveal: see our March 11 issue). The society is not merely of the radical Right, it is of the idiot wing of the radical Right, than which there is nothing much sillier in the vast reaches of political absurdity. With a superb indifference to reality, its spokesmen have taken out after such "subversives" as Chief Justice Earl Warren, Senator Milton R. Young, Dwight D. Eisenhower and other somewhat similarly placed individuals. The predictable result has been a massive alignment of conservative opinion against the radical Right. At long last, the dander of the conservatives has been aroused and they are applying the birch to the Birchians with vigor and enthusiasm.

All this is a good omen. This is not to suggest that the John Birch Society and similar groups are not troublesome; they represent a form of irritation that is part of the price we must pay for the freedom sanctioned by the First Amendment. Of witchhunts we have had enough. Appearances to the contrary, the Congressional investigatory committees are nearing the end of their remarkable run in American politics; it would be bitterly ironic if they were to be given a new lease on life by their liberal critics. The problem with the HUAC, and all similar bodies, state or federal, is how to get rid of them, not how to provide them with more likely targets. The fact is, of course, that the committees represent a more serious threat to democracy than the combination of existing demagogueries, Left and Right.

COLLABORATION IN INJUSTICE

Case of the Extradited Patriot . . *by Fred J. Cook*

ON THE morning of December 17, 1960, a short, slight man with piercing blue eyes was whisked out of a Connecticut jail and hustled aboard the Italian liner *Vulcania* bound for Italy. His name was Vincenzo Gallina, and hardly anyone in America outside of Connecticut has ever heard of him. But perhaps Americans, who in another generation became aroused about Sacco and Vanzetti, should be introduced to Vincenzo Gallina. For the issues posed in his case carry, like those in the earlier case, deeply disturbing implications.

Unlike Sacco and Vanzetti, Vincenzo Gallina is a native-born American. Like them, he discovered that the American judicial system contains no guarantee of justice for the lone indigent who crosses, and so has arrayed against him, all the massive power of government. Unlike Sacco and Vanzetti, Vincenzo Gallina does not face death in the electric chair; but for what can only be judged a series of minor offenses, and offenses at that of a political and patriotic nature, he faces a fate hardly less harsh — twenty-five years and eight months in prison.

Hustled in handcuffs aboard the *Vulcania* on this frigid winter morning, Vincenzo Gallina was overwhelmed by the prospect of a doom imposed upon him without a shadow of fair trial. He had been convicted in Italy *in absentia* for a series of robberies involving 33,500 lire (about $54), two pieces of bread and cheese, two pairs of pants, a pair of shoes, 9,500 kilograms of leather and a shotgun, and the appropriation, at gunpoint, of a mare.

Gallina had contended, during his extradition proceedings, that these offenses were committed while he was serving in a band of patriotic guerrillas whose object was the liberation of Sicily. He had insisted that the movement with which he was connected, at the time the acts were committed, had been encouraged by British and American military forces in World War II. A tremendous mass of potential evidence seems to corroborate his assertions; but in the America in which he was born, Vincenzo Gallina could find no court that would permit him to obtain the evidence essential to his defense, no court which would uphold America's tradition of refusing extradition for political offenses.

And so, on this bitter December morning, Gallina was spirited aboard the *Vulcania* with such secrecy that even his own attorney did not know what was happening until it happened. In Hartford, the attorney, George A. Athanson, had to bid farewell to his tragic client by sending a radiogram to the *Vulcania*. To this day Athanson does not know whether Gallina ever received it. For the *Vulcania* was already at sea; Vincenzo Gallina already was incom-

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FRED J. COOK, former crime reporter for a New York metropolitan daily, is the author of "The FBI," "The Shame of New York" and other Nation *specials.*

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municado; and the Statue of Liberty already had sunk from sight below the western horizon.

THE STORY of Vincenzo Gallina begins in New York City, where he was born on March 27, 1927. When he was three years old, his parents returned to Italy and settled in the town of Resuttano in Sicily. Here Gallina grew up. From earliest boyhood, the conditions of his life were the harsh ones so familiar to the sun-baked, impoverished island that for generations had been little more than a looted dependency of Italy. Under the Fascist tyranny of Benito Mussolini, conditions had changed, if at all, for the worse. Sicily was dominated by a few huge land-owners, a few wealthy families; its resources were siphoned off to mainland Italy; the great mass of its people existed in a feudal poverty. Then came the cataclysm of World War II.

For Sicily, as for other areas of the world, the war offered the chance to shake off old shackles; independence loomed as a possible objective. In the turmoil of the times, *banditti* became ever more active and acquired an increasingly political complexion. Any warlike band that harassed Italian forces naturally became blood brothers of the Allies; and virtually all authorities now agree that the activities of such irregular forces were encouraged by Churchill and the American military high command, especially during the invasion of Sicily in the summer of 1943. When Allied troops entered Palermo, graphic evidence of the strong Separatist tide on the island was to be seen on every hand in legends scrawled on the walls. A favorite was this: "Long Live Sicily, the 49th State of the U.S."

As a teen-age boy, Vincenzo Gallina became a messenger and lookout for one of the partisan bands that caused Mussolini so much trouble. This group was led by Marcino Torrese, who eventually became affiliated with the most colorful Sicilian of the day, Salvatore Giuliano. Young, fierce, politically naive, Giuliano lived the role of a Robin Hood. Part bandit, part patriot, he kept Sicily in an uproar for years.

In 1945, a tremendous tide of events began to flow. The Allied armies that had swept over Sicily had gone on to press relentlessly up the spine of Italy. Mussolini, demoted to straw man for the Germans, tried to flee, was caught and hanged. War-torn Italy joined the Allies. And in Sicily there was virtually no government worthy of the name. Independence beckoned.

This, if ever, seemed the time to strike. Major land-owners in Sicily, industrialists in the seaport cities, some members of the Sicilian nobility and many prominent politicians joined the Separatist movement. The political leader was a man named Finnochario-Aprile; his principal deputy, Concetto Gallo. Their party was known as MIS (Movement for an Independent Sicily). The military arm was EVIS, the initials standing for Volunteer Army for Sicilian Independence. Peasants, students, adventurers of all complexions joined EVIS, and soon the troops numbered some 5,000 men. What they lacked was a leader. Into this gap stepped Salvatore Giuliano.

All the most credible sources agree that Giuliano and the political leaders of MIS held two conferences in the late summer of 1945. The truth about these conferences ultimately was to become of crucial importance to young Vincenzo Gallina, the lowly follower of Giuliano's lieutenant, Torrese. For his fate was to depend — or perhaps it would be more accurate to say it should have depended — on whether Giuliano was an outright outlaw, or the recognized leader of the forces of revolution. In the one case, Vincenzo Gallina would be judged and treated as a common thief; in the other, as a soldier acting under the instructions of a high command.

ACCORDINGLY, it becomes necessary to examine in detail Giuliano's status. The best authority is Gavin Maxwell, who spent three years gathering material on Giuliano and eight months in on-the-spot research in Sicily for his book *Bandit*. Maxwell concluded — and it should be stressed that other writers and contemporary journalistic sources such as *Newsweek* and *The New York Times* all agree — that Giuliano's two conferences with the political leaders of MIS resulted in his formal investiture with the rank of Colonel in EVIS. He was given a million lire for a war chest and was promised arms and uniforms. According to Maxwell, Giuliano was shown a letter, during the second conference, from an Italo-American colonel containing an assurance that aid would be forthcoming from America. This settled Giuliano's last doubt. He joined Aprile and Gallo, was made commander of EVIS in western Sicily, and was promised the dual post of Chief of Police and Minister of Justice once Sicily became free.

The promised arms were furnished Giuliano, along with the emblem of a Sicily at war — three human legs arranged much like a swastika. The "uniforms" were loose tunics, yellow on one side, red on the other, with the emblem sewn onto each breast. Morale was helped by the singing of anti-*carabinieri* songs, one composed by Giuliano himself, others by his mother.

THE AUTUMN of 1945 marked the turning point of the Sicilian rebellion. In late September, Gallo launched an uprising in eastern Sicily. It was speedily crushed. Both Gallo and Aprile were arrested; but, significantly, before Gallo himself was captured, he issued a proclamation calling Giuliano "the hero of Sicilian independence" and urging all Separatists to support him. Giuliano, left alone in the field, quickly proved himself a master of hit-and-run warfare. Dozens of police officers and soldiers were killed in this savage guerrilla fighting, and still Giuliano defied all the efforts of the Italian army to pin him down.

Colorful as his exploits were, however, he and his followers were doomed. The cards of international diplomacy were stacked against them. At an early session of the United Nations, Aprile had asked for recognition of the Sicilian Separatist movement, but his plea had fallen on deaf ears. Giuliano himself wrote President Truman, asking the loan of tanks and guns under the Marshall Plan; none were forthcoming. The Allies, who had been only

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too eager to encourage the Separatists in Sicily when they needed them, could hardly continue to back the independence movement once Italy had turned from active foe into active ally.

The political leaders of MIS were the first to sniff this change in the diplomatic atmosphere. Aprile, in prison, did much soul-searching and finally decided that all he had ever wanted was, not independence, but just greater home rule for Sicily. Gallo underwent a similar conversion. And in 1947 the Italian Government cut the ground out from under the Separatists by granting Sicily regional autonomy and offering amnesty to the political leaders. But those in arms — Giuliano and followers of his like Vincenzo Gallina — were regarded as vicious outlaws. Commenting on the desertion of his political partners in rebellion, Giuliano remarked bitterly: "They promised me freedom, and I turned free men into bandits."

Giuliano remained the lone focal point of Sicilian resistance. He formed his own "Movement for the Annexation of Sicily to the American Confederation." He was such a national hero that, in the elections of 1947 and 1948, politicians of all complexions sought his support; they made him all kinds of promises that were never kept; and in Rome it was no secret that more than one deputy, more than one senator, many distinguished citizens, owed debts to Giuliano. This put an even higher price on Giuliano's head. He recognized the situation, saying: "Not many people would be glad to see me taken alive. Only the dead do not speak." In 1950, Italian troops finally cornered Giuliano—and made certain he did not speak.

SUCH IS the background of the case of Vincenzo Gallina. It is significant that the crimes for which he was convicted *in absentia* were committed during the very period that Giuliano's movement was at its patriotic height. The first series of thefts — the money, the bread and cheese, the pants, shoes, leather and shotgun — were committed in October, 1945, at a time when Giuliano was organizing his first uprising. The theft of the mare at gunpoint, with the infliction of some bodily injuries on its owner, took place in March, 1946. Gallina himself later testified that he committed these robberies on the orders of Torrese, Giuliano's deputy, and that he turned the loot over to Torrese to help equip and maintain the revolutionary army.

After the collapse of Giuliano's movement, Gallina hid out with Torrese in the Madonie mountain chain. It was during this period that he was tried *in absentia* in Italian courts. In one trial, three of his comrades who had been captured were convicted and packed off to prison; in another, Gallina was represented by

a court-assigned lawyer, but he was not present to give testimony or call witnesses. Doubtless, it would have made no difference. Conviction of an admitted rebel-in-arms would have been almost automatic, and the severity of the fate that befell some of Gallina's comrades speaks graphically for itself. Several quickly died in prison, and Gavin Maxwell cites evidence to indicate that they were poisoned.

Gallina himself remained in Sicily until 1955. Then he stowed away on a steamship and returned to America. He went to Hartford, Conn., and there obtained a job as a bus boy at the Hotel Statler. He was working there in April, 1958, when U.S. Immigration agents, making a routine check of hotel kitchens, swept him up. Gallina was kept in custody while his background was being investigated. The discovery that he had been born in America barred Immigration from deporting him, but the check also disclosed that he was wanted in Italy to serve a twenty-five-year prison term. Italy applied for his extradition.

NOW began a long legal battle in which Gallina was to be a more than usually helpless pawn. He spoke only broken English. He was too inarticulate to dramatize his plight as a Vanzetti might have done. He was destitute alike of money, friends and influence. He had no attorney and no opportunity of obtaining one. Court-appointed counsels receive no fees in such cases, no funds even for expenses, and several lawyers turned down the thankless task of representing him before George Athanson finally agreed to take the case. Even Athanson might have refused had he known what was in store — a two-and-a-half-year legal battle that would be carried to the doors of the U.S. Supreme Court and that would require hundreds of hours of his own time and hundreds of dollars of his own money.

The first step in the extradition proceedings was a hearing before U.S. Commissioner Benedict M. Holden, Jr. Athanson fought the extradition on several legal grounds. He argued that, when Italy went to war with the United States in World War II, all treaties between the two countries, including the extradition treaty of 1868, were wiped out. Therefore no extradition requirement was in force at the time Gallina committed the acts with which he was charged; it was not until 1947 that the United States and Italy agreed to re-institute it. Athanson argued that the treaty could not be applied retroactively to the war-torn period, with its special trials and stresses.

Even more important were two additional points made by Athanson. Gallina, he pointed out, was an American citizen; he had been convicted *in absentia*, without what Americans would consider a fair trial; and if he were sent back to Italy, he would not be given a fair trial, but would be packed off to prison in denial of this basic right. Furthermore, argued Athanson, the

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crimes Gallina had committed were political in nature, and well-established American precedent held that even aliens could not be deported for such activities.

ITALY contended that Giuliano had been just a bandit, and so Gallina had been only a bandit. To show this, attorneys for the Italian Government relied almost entirely on the testimony of Joseph P. Russo, a former Hartford reporter who had served with the Office of Strategic Services in Sicily in World War II. Russo acknowledged that the Sicilian Separatist movement had been political, but he insisted that Giuliano had not been a part of it, that Giuliano had used it merely "as a cloak for his own nefarious activities." Russo declared that he had conferred with Sicilian Separatist leaders in 1945, but had never heard of Giuliano's being connected with them. Speaking of Gallina, the former OSS agent said: "He was a thief — let's face it."

On cross-examination, Athanson showed that Russo's knowledge of events in Sicily was far from definitive. For one thing, the former OSS agent had left the island in July, 1945, months before the major uprisings. Russo admitted that he had heard later some vague report about a revolt in the eastern part of the island that took place in October, 1945, but he didn't know Gallo had headed it. He wasn't aware that Giuliano had met with Separatist leaders or that Giuliano had been formally named a Colonel in EVIS, facts attested to by virtually every reporter covering the Sicilian revolution. Nor did Russo know who started or headed MASCA, Giuliano's own "Movement for the Annexation of Sicily to the American Confederation." Even more significant, it would seem, was Russo's admission that he personally had received a letter from Giuliano, similar to the one the Sicilian chieftain had sent to President Truman asking American aid. But Russo dismissed this by contending Giuliano was a "maniac" whose political significance existed only in his own imagination.

In the light of this far from perfect testimony, it would seem that Gallina should have been given every opportunity to present a full defense on this vital issue, but he was not. Proof of the political orientation of the Giuliano movement was especially important to Gallina since, from the first, he had admitted committing the thefts charged against him by the Italians. His justification fro mthe outset was that he and Torrese, his immediate superior, had belonged to the Separatist movement. At a preliminary hearing, Italian officials had told Hartford reporters that Gallina had been connected with Giuliano, and throughout the final hearing, counsel for the Italian Government tacitly accepted Gallina's contention by the manner in which they questioned him on cross-examination. "When did you join the Separatist movement?" But more than this was needed to prove Gallina's contention.

Athanson strove desperately to get proof by bringing witnesses from Europe. Eleanor Clark, an American writer living in Rome, had stated in her book, *Rome and a Villa*, that Giuliano's "first moves . . . were not criminal in the Chicago sense, but political." Michael Stern, a former New York newspaper man living in Italy, had gone to Sicily and personally interviewed Giuliano for his book, *No Innocence Abroad*. He had described his parting from Giuliano in these words: "In his left pocket he carried hand grenades, in his right an order of the day, still unissued, setting up Sicily as an independent republic. Robin Hood had turned politician." In a letter to Athanson, Stern repeated his statement that Giuliano was politically motivated. Gavin Maxwell also sent an affidavit in which he said that it was his "considered opinion that the Giuliano movement was essentially a political rebellion sponsored at first by Anglo-American interests and influence that was only withdrawn when the mainland of Italy became the ally of Great Britain and America, but that this movement was subsequently fostered and activated by internal political interests." Neither the letter from Stern nor the affidavit from Maxwell was acceptable legal evidence in court, however. What Athanson needed was an order permitting him to bring these witnesses from Europe, and this, he argued, since the burden of proof was upon Italy, would have to be done at Italy's expense.

His request was denied. Commissioner Holden ruled there was nothing to indicate that Miss Clark, Stern or Maxwell had any knowledge of Gallina, or could connect him with either Torrese or Giuliano. Thus the decision ignored the very point that the Italian prosecutors had virtually conceded — that such a connection existed. Moreover, it was clear that the nature of Giuliano's movement was the core of the case. The commissioner simply rejected all of Athanson's contentions and ordered Gallina extradited. Athanson then began a round of appeals that were not to end until the U.S. Supreme Court refused to review.

IN THE meantime, as the long months dragged by, Gallina remained in prison. Athanson applied for his release on bail — for which there was ample precedent — but this was denied. For two years, Gallina was imprisoned in the Hartford State Jail — the longest time ever spent by a prisoner in that institution. From Hartford, because authorities feared he might be getting too "jail-wise," Gallina was moved to the New Haven State Jail. Here his situation was one of abject misery.

"The New Haven State Jail is a disgrace," Athanson says. "Once when visiting him I had to fight off bats. He was in an 8′ x 4′ cell with buckets as toilet facilities. He went on a five-day hunger strike and refused to talk to anyone, so depressed had he become by these conditions. He kept repeating to me his astonishment at how he, an American citizen, was being treated like this under the circumstances of his case; that, if he returned to Italy, he would suffer the fate of his *compadres* who were ppisoned while serving their sentences."

On May 5, 1960, Athanson's key appeal, to the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Second District, was rejected. Judicial precedent dictates that a U.S. Commissioner shall not be overruled in extradition cases unless it

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can be shown that his decision was "palpably erroneous." Failing to find such palpable error in this instance, the Court of Appeals nevertheless wrote a curiously ambivalent decision that has since drawn critical fire from such professionally esteemed publications as the *Harvard Law Record* and the *Columbia Law Review*.

THE ESSENCE of the court's decision lay in its finding that while the judiciary has no power over the terms of extradition, perhaps it should and could have. The court wrote that it had discovered

> . . . no case authorizing a federal court, in a habeas corpus proceeding challenging extradition from the United States to a foreign nation, to inquire into the procedures which await the relator upon extradition. . . . The authority that does exist points clearly to the proposition that the conditions under which a fugitive is to be surrendered to a foreign country are to be determined solely by the non-judicial branches of the Government.

Having said this, the court then exhibited curious qualms:

> Nevertheless, we confess to some disquiet at this result. We can imagine situations where the relator, upon extradition, would be subject to procedures or punishment so antipathetic to a federal court's sense of decency as to require re-examination of the principle set out above.

Only, said the court, this wasn't such a case.

The decision, then, turned upon the narrowest legal considerations as divorced from more fundamental issues of justice. Even so, the court found enough in the Gallina case to cause it a vague "disquiet." Commenting on its decision, the *Harvard Law Record* found that the court had made "new law" by asserting flatly that the circumstances of extradition *must* lie *solely* with the non-judicial branches of government. While the Executive Branch has the sole power to enforce treaties and extradition falls under its treaty functions, the *Law Record* declared flatly that "no case has ever before held that a federal court may not . . . inquire" into the circumstances.

The *Columbia Law Review* held

that the court's decision on this point was in line with accepted precedent. What was significant, it found, was that the court, apparently for the first time, had considered whether the denial of due process violates fundamental concepts and becomes an issue superseding that of Executive authority. But, said the *Law Review*, the court, having raised the issue, had run away from any solution of it. Obviously, it had decided Gallina's fate by some other obscure and unstated standard. Commenting on the court's "disquiet," the *Law Review* remarked that "it is difficult to conceive what procedures would be objectionable if an *in absentia* conviction is not." The *Law Review* felt that the court obviously had penalized Gallina for his own honesty in admitting the thefts.

> Consequently, [it wrote] unless no *in absentia* conviction would ever disturb the court, the result of this case must rest on relator's admission. It is doubtful that a fugitive would ever make such an admission if he could avoid extradition, or secure a guarantee of foreign retrial, by not doing so. Thus [the court] penalized relator for an honest, voluntary statement, probably made in the interest of expediting the proceedings, while implying it would reward subsequent fugitives for their lesser forthrightness and cooperation.

When the Supreme Court refused to review this decision, Gallina's fate was sealed. Athanson was still arguing a new motion for a writ of habeas corpus when, without any notice or warrant to him, his client was whisked out of Danbury Federal Prison, to which he had been transferred, and hustled aboard the *Vulcania*. Gallina was sent on his way to an Italian prison, accompanied by a polite request from the State Department that it would be nice if Italy would give him a new trial. This, of course, was form without substance. Gallina was landed in Naples, on his way to begin twenty-five years' servitude in a Sicilian prison, and that was the last Athanson has heard of him.

BUT THE issues of the case, which only in its closing stages attracted public attention and led to the formation of a Gallina committee, remain vividly in the attorney's mind. He had found, as he wrote, that "the political nature of the Giuliano group and its collaboration with Allied intelligence is not freely discussed today by authorities in Washington, as it would embarrass relations with Italy who saw him as a predatory insurrectionist." What Athanson had seen demonstrated in the Gallina case is a chain of evil consequences all too familiar — the helplessness of the individual, the impossibility of obtaining evidence vital to his adequate defense, the willingness of even democratic governments to offer a human sacrifice on the altar of international relations, and the inade-

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quacy of the courts to right any kind of balance. Athanson sums up:

> As in many similar cases, Gallina's defense was weakened by his indigency. Not only were my services rendered gratis but I personally spent several hundred dollars. To counter Italy's "evidence," witnesses residing abroad and able to testify with authority as to the political character of the Giuliano movement would have been invaluable. . . . But no funds were available. . . . A defense adequate to face up to the resources of a foreign government can be very expensive. People mistakenly think that supplying an indigent with an attorney is sufficient for . . . defense.
>
> It appears anomalous indeed to have the dispensation of justice to an American citizen in his own courts dependent on the relations between the extraditing nation and his country. Standards of fairness should not be dependent on the vagaries of the bi-national climate. . . .

Who Won the Civil War, Anyway?. . *by L. Jesse Lemisch*

FOR THE NEXT four years Americans of North and South will commemorate a Civil War that never was. We will be treated, over and over again, to the meaningless pageantry of blue alongside gray and stars and bars mingled with stars and stripes. The celebration of the death of 600,000 men—all heroes, all dead fighting for freedom and independence—will be continuous and will pervade every aspect of our lives. We will hear it done over in rock 'n roll; we will taste it in our bourbon, renamed "Johnny Reb"; we will see it on every scale, from postage stamps to billboards, from *The Americans* on the TV screen to revivals of *Gone with the Wind* and *The Birth of a Nation* on the movie screen. (On television, each side will be given equal attention, lest someone be offended and decide not to buy Max Factor pancake make-up.)

All of this will be terribly oppressive to those dedicated to achieving "Equality Now." They will sense that the Civil War *was* a war, that it involved real issues, and that one side was more nearly right than the other. But their realization will not be reflected in the Centennial.

How did this come about? How did it happen that for the next four years we will be celebrating an unprecedented event—a war without villains? In large part, this perverse festival has its origin in the psychic needs of a people who fought for what they know to be a shameful cause—and lost. Their deep guilt, transformed by the apparatus of scholarship, brought forth apologists among historians of the South; they have had their imitators among Northern historians, and the results have filtered into the national consciousness by way of the textbooks. There we find a war which could have been averted by real statesmanship, but statesmanship was lacking; instead there were fanatics —for fanatics read Abolitionists, *never* slaveholders—who persisted in seeing the question in its moral aspects and thus, so the line goes, made a political solution impossible.

The keystone of this version is, of course, the Negro's inferiority. The ante-bellum South had its pseudo-scientists to provide sanction for racism. Dr. J. C. Nott of Mobile justified slavery by proving that Negroes belonged to a different species. Dr. S. A. Cartwright of the University of Louisiana admitted them to humanity — barely — and described the special pathology of the Negro: slaves sometimes suffered from *Dyaesthesia Aethiopica* — a "Hebetude of Mind and Obtuse Sensibility of Body"—which induced them to destroy their master's property, slight their work and attack their overseer; or they might be afflicted with *Drapetomania* — "an irrestrainable propensity to run away." Dr. Cartwright's cure? "Whip the devil out of them."

In the same class as these diagnoses are the views of a historian: slaves were "by racial quality submissive rather than defiant, lighthearted instead of gloomy, amiable and ingratiating instead of sullen"; more than half a century after Emancipation, the Negroes showed "the same easy-going, amiable, seriocomic obedience and the same personal attachments to white men, as well as the same love of laughter and of rhythm, which distinguished their forebears" (Ulrich Bonnell Phillips, *American Negro Slavery*: 1918).

Unhappily, the progress of social science has not been as rapid as that of medical science; historians sensible enough to laugh the mad doctors of the nineteenth century out of court have cried caution when confronted with one of their own. Americans have given racist attitudes an absurdly prolonged hearing; they have often seen in the Negro no more than Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*: "They see only my surroundings, themselves, or figments of their imagination—indeed, everything and anything except me."

Phillips has been the leading advocate among American historians of this sort of perception. Richard Hofstadter has called Phillips' work "a latter-day phase of the pro-slavery argument" and has revealed serious methodological flaws, distortions and omissions. But *American Negro Slavery* still remains firmly lodged in the minds of the nation's teachers as the "standard work."

HISTORIANS who have rejected the Negro's inferiority often stumble over the next obstacle on the path to enlightenment: the beneficence of the peculiar institution of slavery. Phillips saw in the plantations schools of civilization; they were "the best schools yet invented for the mass training of that sort of inert and backward people which the

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bulk of the American Negroes represented." Modern colonialists use precisely the same argument when they delay self-government on the grounds that Black Africa must be "prepared for freedom"; in neither case is there preparation for anything but continued slavery. Recent events have disabused us of the fantasy of contented servants and tea on the veranda of the British Officers' Club, but the myth of happy slaves and mint juleps on the Old Plantation dies harder, and it still dominates large areas of the American scholarly establishment. The sole concession of these historians to the twentieth century has been to substitute the epithet "paternalistic" for "benevolent."

Scholars sufficiently obtuse to see even the merest glint of a silver lining in slavery have had no difficulty labeling Abolitionists fanatics. The "objectivity" which guides James G. Randall in his treatment of Southern extremists fades as he vents his fury on an Abolitionist whose speeches reveal "that failure to see life whole, that lack of a sense of humor, that pertinacious meddling, and that tendency toward insulting bitterness, which mark the uncompromising crusader." Randall disregards the fact that Southerners had taken no steps toward freeing the slaves, but had instead pulled down an iron curtain on dissent, lynching or mobbing those few who dared suggest, in speech or print, that the slave might be free, even if not equal. Southerners were content with slavery; no matter how much the individual slave might feign ineptness in order to avoid work, the system was profitable, and there was much capital invested in it. Just as Southerners at the time used the attacks of the Abolitionists as a pretext for hardening their stand, so do many historians today repeat the error and condemn the Abolitionists as meddlers and troublemakers who refused to let well enough alone. The implication must be that these historians are themselves content with slavery, for they do not present convincing evidence that it was on the way out.

In this view the Civil War becomes needless, a war without substantive cause: a mere failure of statesmanship. Slavery, the textbooks say, was not significant; it was the slavery *issue*, manufactured by crackpots and inflated by a blundering generation of opportunist politicians—this is what led to the Civil War. "Instead of talking about what had to be done," says Bruce Catton (the real winner of the Civil War), "people talked about what ought to be done." The blame clearly rests with the Abolitionists, who caused all the trouble by injecting the moral issue.

THIS Civil War, the one blamed on crackpots, is no more real than a World War II blamed on those who opposed the Nazis in the thirties. (To say that the Civil War was caused by a failure of statesmanship is simply to say that the North should have compromised with slavery even more than it did; Lincoln's moderate program called for preventing the spread of slavery and preserving it where it already existed, but even this was too much for the South.) But this is the Civil War which we commemorate today and will celebrate for the next four years. We commemorate a war in which the South fought nobly and well in behalf of high ideals which are valid despite military defeat. The Governor of Virginia commemorates the battle for States' rights and comments on the parallel between 1861 and 1961:

> It has unfortunately been the course of our history that men raised false issues which could influence the minds and stir emotions instead of exercising constructive leadership in the effort to mold common opinion in support of that which is best for the nation and the world.

Battle of New Orleans

The Chancellor of Washington and Lee University commemorates the South's fight for "freedom": "Both sides," he recently told a group of Centennial celebrants, "were fighting for freedom as they understood that precious term." The people of Montgomery commemorate the Civil War in so overtly ugly a fashion that attorneys for *The New York Times* must request a change of venue in a trial for libel occasioned by the newspaper's printing an advertisement soliciting funds for the Rev. Martin Luther King; pro-Southern sentiment, intensified by the war commemoration, makes impossible an impartial trial.

THE official commemoration of the Civil War constitutes a surrender to the South. Sometimes the mawkish celebrations even call for a mock capitulation: recently the Adjutant General of the State of New York announced his intention of returning to Virginia two Confederate battle flags captured by the Seventy-Ninth New York Volunteers one hundred years ago. Clearly the Adjutant General does not understand what the war was about; he is the victim of a basically Southern interpretation of the War. The Southerners, by contrast, are aware of precisely what it is they are commemorating, as Roy Wilkins of the NAACP remarked after the harassment of Charlayne Hunter at the Athens of the South:

> As every Negro knows, the Civil War is still being fought, and play-acting battles of the current centennial celebration are merely historical backdrops for the continuing action downstage.
>
> Yesterday, however, Southern men with arms fought other men with arms according to the rules of warfare. The breed is so improved that today young white Georgians feel the odds are about right when 1,000 of them can stone a single Negro girl.

The Southerners are commemorating a war against Negro rights, and they are commemorating it by con-

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tinuing their fight against the rights of the Negro. Since the official celebrations will represent a surrender to the Southern view, they must be challenged as ardently as the rest of the structure of segregation of which they are a part. Just as we condemn schoolbooks which gloss over the atrocities of the Nazis, so must we condemn theatrics which conceal the real issues of the Civil War. That war was fought because the South would not allow the Negro freedom. Now, a century later, the Negro fights for equality. That fight must not be stifled by invocation of the dignity of the Southern cause. That cause was and is unworthy of a free people, and we must be no more patient with it than was the great Abolitionist, William Lloyd Garrison:

> I will be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject, I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! No! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; — but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — AND I WILL BE HEARD.

HOW to WIN with FOREIGN AID .. *by Walter E. Packard*

THE SPIRIT of President Kennedy's new approach to our relationship with the people of Latin America is refreshing, but its content is basically inadequate. It leaves the most meaningful issues untouched: Who is to own the industrial resources of Latin America? Who is to control their use? The questions are vital because the resources involved are Latin America's basic capital.

At present these resources are owned largely by the stockholders of American corporations in partnership with vested interests in Latin America—the classic capitalist pattern. Communists favor ownership and control by the "workers and peasants" on the syndicalist pattern. There is another method of ownership and control: the pattern exemplified by the TVA, the Federal Bureau of Reclamation, the State and Federal Forest Services and municipal and other district organizations, for instance, or by consumer cooperatives of various sorts, such as the International Cooperative Petroleum Association (which has headquarters in Kansas City and branches in twenty other countries of the world). I might add that the last named of these three divergent patterns of collective ownership has been by far the fastest growing segment of our own dual economy since the beginning of the twentieth century, if military expenditures are not credited to the private-profit segment.

The evidence is clear that the people of Latin America, Africa, the Middle East, Indonesia and countries of Asia identify colonialism not only with political domination, now rapidly passing from the scene, but, more meaningfully, with the economic exploitations of their industrial potentials by foreign corporations seeking profits. If the President's program does not meet this issue to the satisfaction of the people of Latin America, there is very real danger that Latin America will follow Cuba into the Communist orbit.

OUR official position with regard to the issue posed by the three divergent patterns of collective action is strikingly inconsistent. Where our policies are governed by the State Department's interest in protecting American investments abroad, we usually support the capitalist pattern. Where our policies are controlled by agencies of the government whose aims are to promote the welfare of the people of other countries on a basis which serves our interests as well as theirs, we usually support public and consumer cooperative ownership and control.

In Greece, for example, where our aid program was eminently successful, 85 per cent of our non-military aid was used to finance public and consumer cooperative enterprise. The establishment of such policies, however, was not always without conflict. Some individuals in the Economic Cooperation Administration in Greece favored a plan by which a large American corporation would own and operate the power systems that were to be built. This policy was supported by the head of the power division of ECA in Washington, a former vice president of a privately owned power system, and by his assistant in the Paris office who was also a former employee of private-power interests. The man in the American Embassy in Athens, who represented the State Department policies on power, also supported the private-power program. But the people of Greece, who had been the serfs in a feudal order governed by the Turks who owned the land, did not want their second most important resource owned by the stockholders of a foreign corporation to whom they would have to pay a never-ending tribute. The Greek-American Power Committee recommended public power. Within days after the committee's report reached the Paris office, the U. S. power representative came to Athens to find out what was going on. His first question was "Who wants public power?" The answer was "The people of Greece want it." His reply was highly disturbing: "What have they to say about it? Who's putting up the money?"

To make a long story short, the public-power policy prevailed. A Public Power Corporation was established on the TVA pattern and a

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publicly owned and operated power network now serves all parts of Greece; the bonds of the operating corporation demand the highest premium on the Greek investment market. No single program did as much to promote the democratic interests in Greece as did this public-power program.

A MORE dramatic conflict of ideology within our own government agencies is presented by the divergent policies we have followed in our relationships with the people of Puerto Rico and Cuba. When in 1898 Congress was debating the provisions of the Organic Act under which Puerto Rico was to be governed, a widely felt fear was expressed that U. S. corporations would own all the valuable land in Puerto Rico in the "shortest possible time" unless Congress took steps to prevent it. "If such concentration of holdings shall become the case," said one Congressman, "then the condition of the population will, I believe, be reduced to one of absolute servitude. The people of Puerto Rico will be driven to cultivate the lands for these corporations at whatever daily wage they choose to pay them."

Following the passage of the Organic Act, the lack of effective political leadership in Puerto Rico, together with apathy on the part of Congress, caused conditions in the island to grow worse. By 1940, fifty-one corporations owned or leased 240,000 acres of land in violation of the law. In addition to this, land held by individuals in excess of 500 acres totaled a little more than twice the area illegally held by corporations. As a result of this and other factors, the living conditions of the majority of the people of Puerto Rico reflected the worst fears expressed by Congress in 1898.

A completely new spirit was created in the economic and social atmosphere in Puerto Rico by two supplementary events. The Popular Party, under the dynamic leadership of Luis Muñoz Marín, came to power in Puerto Rico and the jurisdiction of Puerto Rican affairs, so far as the United States was concerned, was transferred to the Department of the Interior.

The policies of the Department were conditioned by the character of its responsibilities at home. These included the enforcement of the 160-acre limitation of the Reclamation Act; the administration of the public-power program of the Bureau of Reclamation (the biggest single power enterprise in the United States); the administration of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, with its responsibility for a large group of underprivileged people; the administration of the WPA, with its interest in employment and the development of public works; and, finally, its over-all responsibility for protecting the public interest in the public lands, water and mineral resources of the nation.

Under these conditions, it was natural for the Department of the Interior to support the Popular Party's program. Dr. Rexford Guy Tugwell, former Administrator of the Resettlement Administration and former President of the New York City Planning Commission, was appointed as Governor of Puerto Rico.

ONE OF the first acts of the newly established Popular Party was to initiate an extensive land-reform program. Over 40 per cent of the corporate-owned land in Puerto Rico was taken by condemnation proceedings and was turned over to a newly created Land Authority which proceeded to grow sugar cane, pineapples and the like in somewhat the same way that our own Forest Service grows trees. This action, moreover, was upheld by the Circuit Court of Appeals in the United States, which ruled that the people of Puerto Rico had the right to own their land if they so wished. A Public Power Authority was created to take over all power facilities. The charter of the Puerto Rico Development Company provided that all new enterprises were to be publicly owned. In accordance with this policy a number of very useful public enterprises were established, including a cement plant to provide the material needed for road construction and housing, a glass plant to make bottles for the export of rum, and a paper factory which utilized waste materials to make cartons for shipping the rum bottles. Extensive programs of housing, slum clearance and school construction were initiated with American aid. Everything that could be reasonably done to raise the level of living of the people of Puerto Rico was done.

The fact that some of the policies established during Tugwell's governorship were later replaced by the policies of the highly subsidized "Operation Bootstrap" in no way lessens the significance of the fact that the Department of the Interior supported programs of public ownership and consumer cooperation. (It is interesting to note that the Puerto Rican industrialist who bought the publicly-owned cement plant established during Tugwell's governorship, is now an opponent of both Muñoz Marín and the Popular Party.)

In sharp contrast to these policies in Puerto Rico, the State Department refused recognition of Grau San Martin of Cuba when he overthrew the viciously corrupt administration of President Machado. By so doing, the State Department paved the way for Batista's rise to power. Because Batista was avowedly anti-Communist, the United States supplied him with arms and ammunition, which he used to maintain his corrupt administration. And, when Fidel Castro's revolution forced Batista to flee, the State Department, instead of working with Castro in an effort to guide his program along democratic lines as the Department, instead of working with Castro. Muñoz Marín in Puerto Rico, put every obstacle in his way. By establishing an embargo on exports and imports vital to the Cuban economy, the State Department made repayments of equities in enterprises taken over by the government impossible and forced Cuba to look to Russia and China for trade.

As a result of these two contrasting policies of our government, Puerto Rico is well on the road toward economic viability on a democratic pattern, while Cuba has been forced into the Communist orbit.

WHEN the people of Latin America appraise our position in Cuba (where almost as many people were killed under Batista's rule as were killed in the Hungarian revolt) and see

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American oil, steel and other corporate interests in virtual control of the oil and mineral resources, it is not surprising that the landless and otherwise disadvantaged people of Latin America should see much to their liking in Castro's revolution.

Two fundamental facts must be recognized if the President's program of aid to Latin America is to be effective.

1. We in the United States will be increasingly dependent upon the oil and mineral resources of Latin America. Although we represent less than 7 per cent of the world's population, we are consuming nearly half of the world's production of industrial raw materials. If we do nothing to lower our birth rate, we will have a population of over 500 million within the lifetime of many now living and our presently easily acquired, indigenous raw materials eventually will be gone and we will be in competition with other industrialized and industrializing nations for access to the remaining oil and mineral reserves outside of our boundaries.

2. Latin America, in sharp contrast, is at the threshold of a great period of industrial development. Its natural resources are its basic capital. These reserves must provide not only the raw materials to be used in the industrial development programs of Latin America, but must be the source of the investment capital needed to finance these programs.

Our need for raw materials and Latin America's need for investment capital are complementary. If our policies and the policies of the people of Latin America are based upon the acceptance of industrialization as a means of increasing the carrying capacity of the resources of the world in terms of happy, healthy and industrious people, rather than as a means of aggrandizement for the few, a mutually beneficial relationship can be established. Under these conditions, we would get the raw materials we need and the people of Latin America would get the capital investment they must have to develop their own industries.

If, on the other hand, the United States continues to support a growing ownership and control of the resources of Latin America by American corporate interests, the American corporations will get the raw materials they need, the stockholders will get the profits they want — profits which are badly needed as investment capital by the people of Latin America — and the taxpayers of the United States, who, as consumers, supply the corporate profits, will be called upon to provide aid for the schools, highways and other non-profit enterprises as a peace offering in support of the right of American corporations to exploit the resources of Latin America.

Aid should be given in liberal amounts. But this aid should be used, in large part, in developing the ability of the people of Latin America to finance and control their own industrial potential.

Democracy, when properly interpreted, is the soundest and most dynamic concept so far devised. Capitalism and democracy are not synonymous terms. Democracy, in principle, envisages a social order in which both sovereignty and the ownership and control of the common sources of supply and means of livelihood are the prerogatives of "We, the people." We and the people of other Western democracies are the principal exponents of both economic and political democracy. If we and they employ the public and consumer cooperative segment of our own dual economies in our relationship with the people of Latin America and other similar areas, democracy will "bury" communism in all uncommitted areas of the world.

Enemies of Mental Health

. . by Ed Cray

LIKE the drive for fluoridation [see *The Nation*, Feb. 4], community mental-health programs are under attack from all sides as a Communist-inspired plot to brainwash the freedom-loving Americans. Here are some of the livelier charges hurled against those who believe we should do something about mental health:

> ¶Where men's minds are concerned, it is both advantageous and indeed, imperative, I would say, for the Communist conspiracy to capture a field as nebulous and vulnerable as mental health.
>
> ¶It becomes evident that anyone can be committed to a mental institution and, after being committed to a mental institution, where is the next stop—Alaska? Is that meant to be the mental-health Siberia of the United States?
>
> ¶Eighty per cent of all psychiatrists are foreign-born Jews.
>
> ¶Your Constitutional rights were swept away under so-called mental-health legislation when the law was passed that provided for "emergency treatment" without trial by jury, court hearings or any of the provisions any common criminal can take for granted.
>
> ¶Each one of these mental-health groups, properly guided, can bring . . . legislative pressure *against the government* to *secure adequately* the position of the psychopolitical operative, and to obtain for him government grants and facilities, thus bringing a government to finance its own downfall.

What arouses the know-nothings to this pitch are the mental-health programs envisaged by two documents: a "Draft Act Concerning Hospitalization of the Mentally Ill," drawn up by the Public Health Service, and "The Organization and Function of the Community Psychiatric Clinic," published by the National Association for Mental Health, a non-governmental institution. The documents propose the establishment of community mental-health services to be supported partially by the various states and partially by local county or community taxes.

The most violent arguments against the "Draft Act" have come from California, long a center of extreme right-wing activity. Like the anti-fluoridationists who flourish in the same state, the opponents of

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mental-health programs can be divided into two large classes: sincere conservatives who look upon all extensions of federal authority as "creeping socialism," and the irrational fearmongers. The conservatives—they include medical associations and organized lobbies—generally prove willing to accept the carefully worded "Draft Act," which permits community autonomy, voluntary participation and the maintenance of fee standards. The fearmongers bow neither to reason nor public opinion.

The mental-health program opponents can whip up a great smokescreen of legalistic, pseudo-scientific jargon. Fronted by an array of "scholars" with advanced degrees, "research agencies" and conservative legislators (notably Congressman Edgar Hiestand, R., Calif.), they distribute vast amounts of literature through the mail and at their many public meetings.

THE attacks on California's Community Mental Services Act, known as the Short-Doyle Act, have recently accelerated. A rash of one-man "research" groups has sprung up, rented post-office boxes and mailed out literature charging all manner of Communist influence in the program. Often cited in this literature is a speech allegedly delivered by Lavrentia Beria (Stalin's Commissar for Public Security, since executed) to a class of American students at Lenin University. Beria is quoted:

> A "psychopolitician" must work hard to produce the maximum chaos in the fields of mental healing. He must recruit and use all the agencies and facilities of mental healing. He must labor to increase the personnel and facilities of mental healing until at least the entire field of mental science is entirely dominated by Communist principles and desires.

Whoever did the translation of this purported text found himself not in the least embarrassed by the following contradictory paragraph:

> To achieve these goals, the "psychopolitician" must crush every homegrown variety of mental healing in America. Actual teachings of Freud, James, Eddy and others among your misguided peoples must be swept away. . . .

The charges that Communists or their dupes seek to create a national lunatic asylum in Alaska are founded on the Alaska Mental Health Enabling Act, passed on July 28, 1956. Drafted by Congresswoman Edith Green (D., Ore.) the act turned over to the governor of what was still the Territory of Alaska a million acres for the support of a mental hospital to be built with a $6.5 million appropriation. Since states allow for the transfer of patients to federal hospitals, the fearmongers argue that the mentally ill person—brainwashed, or the "victim" of a pre-frontal lobotomy—could be shipped off to Alaska. They conveniently overlooked the fact that a territorial hospital is one thing, a federal hospital quite another. Moreover, they continue to push the same argument today, although Alaska has become a state under a bill which specifies that "Grants previously made to the Territory of Alaska are hereby confirmed and transferred to the State of Alaska upon its admission."

Only slightly more rational than the Alaskan fantasy are the charges that the mentally ill may be deprived of their Constitutional rights. California's Welfare and Institutions Code, like the codes for most other states, provides four forms of commitment for the mentally ill: (1) voluntary, (2) by certification of a health officer, (3) through court action and (4) emergency admission.

The emergency commitment regulations allow a peace or health officer, without resorting to court action, to detain for seventy-two hours any person who appears to be so mentally ill that he seems likely to cause immediate injury to himself or to others. During this time, such restraint or treatment as is necessary may be applied.

Opponents of mental-health programs, while they admit that there are such persons as dangerous psychopaths, charge that the emergency commitment is a Communist plot to capture influential people, brainwash them and have them incarcerated in mental institutions. What they ignore is that in emergency-commitment proceedings, the peace and/or health officer must file a written statement attesting to the fact that the "accused" person did indeed manifest some form of mental aberration. Further, they ignore the fact that two physicians must also certify that the person is mentally ill. What good, the opponents ask, is the hearing required by law for the person so committed if, during the seventy-two hours he may be held, he has been brainwashed or given a pre-frontal lobotomy? Apparently, they are convinced that the Communists have not only taken over the psychiatrists, but are ready to take over all peace and health officers as well.

Personal Red-baiting has been confined, more or less, to attacks on a few individuals, such as G. Brock Chisholm, head of the World Federation for Mental Health and an avowed internationalist, and Wayne McMillen, director of a Los Angeles County mental health survey (who has long since received a civil service clearance). The fearmongers argue, however, that state directors of mental-health programs may turn out to be Communist dupes or agents, and thus we may be delivering our country into the hands of Mr. Beria's followers, whoever they may be.

THOUGH no two experts will agree on a definition of either "mental health" or "mental illness," there is a consensus that "mental health is the ability to make the maximum use of one's mental and emotional potential in his daily life." The looseness of this definition adds more fuel to the fire. Opponents of mental-health programs charge that its very flexibility permits the "internationalist-minded psychiatrists—and did you ever notice how many of them are Jews?—to brainwash us into accepting socialism."

As in the anti-fluoridation fight, so also in the battle against mental-health programs, common sense is buried beneath an avalanche of contradictions, pseudo-science and misinformation. Do opponents of these programs really believe that there is such a thing as mental illness? They say they do. But there is reason to believe that the extremists among them see mental or emotional abnormalities not as an illness, but as a crime to be treated as such.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Son of Minnie O'Connor

AN ONLY CHILD. By Frank O'Connor. Alfred A. Knopf. 276 pp. $4.50.

Kevin Sullivan

"THE WORK of every great writer," Frank O'Connor once wrote, "is to a certain extent an allegory of his passage through life." I suspect that O'Connor —though thinking of Shakespeare when he wrote, and though too sensible a man to affect that kind of greatness— was here suggesting, however remotely, something about himself and his own work that is now made beautifully clear in his autobiography. Not fully clear, for this is the story of only the first twenty years, from his birth in Cork in 1903 to his release from an Irish Free State prison late in 1923. But clear enough for us to see how it was possible —the odds seemed dead against it—for a boy named Michael O'Donovan, the son of a charwoman and a day laborer, to transform himself into Frank O'Connor, a writer whom Yeats (as perceptive in this as he was patriotic) at one time identified as the Chekhov of Ireland.

In the beginning there seemed little chance that Mick O'Donovan would achieve any kind of identity, personal or literary. An only child—where was he to seek it? Not in his father, a man of no integrity, "held together by pins and Hail Marys," his own identity bleached away in a wash of whiskey and holy water. And his father's family, such as they were, no better. There remained his mother, with no family of her own, her childhood spent in an orphanage, her youth in domestic service, her married years in squalor. But adversity had strengthened without hardening her, and the suffering that eroded her husband's spirit had purified and refined her own. She was a woman

> . . . with a mind
> That nobleness made simply as a fire . . .

and such a woman had inevitably to exert—irradiate rather—an influence on her son that, even had he wished, he could not have escaped. There was little else in Cork or all Ireland that the man did not at one time or another escape or repudiate, but he was always to remain — and here freely confesses it — a Mother's Boy. That, too, was inevitable.

THERE are grounds in all this for a Freudian romp, and the unwary are welcome to it. But if one kicks the clichés back under the couch, there may be room for a more relevant analogy: the relation between Michael O'Donovan and his mother parallels, in temper and understanding, in mode more than in substance, that between the not-yet saint Augustine and his mother Monica. The coordinates are of course no longer theological or even religious, but they are spiritual—a word that need frighten nobody since its expropriation by the secular humanists. In this sense, what Minnie O'Connor made possible for her son was what Saint Monica had made possible for the young Augustine: faith, vision and freedom.

For example. O'Connor has defined the short story, his own special métier, as "the art form that deals with the individual when there is no longer a society to absorb him, and when he is compelled to exist, as it were, by his own inner light." Which means, of course, by the author's own insight; we believe in a character because the creator of character believed in him first and because, unabsorbed by society, his basic belief is in himself. As for vision—consider any of O'Connor's characters: each sketched with deceptive simplicity of line, the effect midway between that of a Picasso drawing and a Thurber cartoon. This is not realism, though it has been called so; it is the ability to see, without going mad, the beauty and battiness of people who are never quite what they pretend, yet are always more than they appear. The city of Cork was full of such people and O'Connor has got them all in his gallery of miniatures. And they are there, at least in part, because the character of an old woman, who was not to be deceived, informed the qualities of the young writer. That same old woman, toward the end of her life, when her son told her he might have to leave Ireland, said simply: "Of course . . . I know you must be free. Life without freedom is nothing." What could set this woman more clearly apart from that brood of Irish dams who devour their sons, with a prayer of thanksgiving before and after? Minnie O'Connor, giving of herself, gave Frank O'Connor to himself. It was appropriate that, when he began to write in earnest, it should be under his mother's maiden name.

But as the young boy was growing up he had—as most adolescents must—to improvise an identity for himself. He was helped in this, perhaps more than he knew, by another Old Woman—"the country! Oh, God, the bloody country!" —which between 1916 and 1923 was also trying to improvise some sort of national identity. O'Connor's growing pains were, in point of time at least, Ireland's own. The boy had, until Easter Week 1916, given over the kingdom of his imagination, where alone he had any "real" life, to Invisible Presences—heroes from English school stories—whose codes of conduct made tolerable that other life in the back lanes of Cork. Now he dismissed them, though with a pang of regret, for Cu Chulainn and the heroes of Irish saga who, like the saints, were apparently more to be admired than imitated: the boy almost ruptured himself one time "trying to perform the least of the feats which Cu Chulainn had performed when he was barely half my age."

WITH better luck, he met around this same time Daniel Corkery who not only introduced him to the Irish language, in which he took a patriotic interest, but opened up for him the wider spaces of literature—German, Russian, French—for which he discovered in himself a voracious if, at first, an indiscriminate appetite. Corkery was just the father the boy needed, and it was with his blessing—his own father would have none of it — that O'Connor, still in his teens, took part in The Troubles that throughout Ireland then reflected on a large scale an inner turmoil of his own.

He was not, if the truth be told, a very good soldier. He was captured in no time at all, which was possibly a good thing for the Irish Republicans, and certainly a good thing for Irish literature. For the Free State internment camp became O'Connor's college and university (why is it that the best of the Irish writers—including Joyce—are autodidacts?) and of his fellow prisoners, many of whom had later notable careers of their own, he could one day say: "'Yes, he and I were in gaol together,' which is rather like the English 'He and I were in Eton together' but considerably more classy."

This prison education was of course a crazy-quilt affair. One immediate re-

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sult of it, crazy enough, was an essay on Turgenev, written in Irish, which won a cash prize, that was never paid, in some national competition or other. But there were also more significant results. The chief of these was again spiritual: he found himself locked in with some thousands of men who came from every corner and class of Ireland, and who were, almost to a man, "mystics." That they had all been excommunicated by their bishops made no difference to a soul, for these were Irish mystics, and national mysticism in a country like Ireland can be just as deadly, by a long shot, as the other kind. When the lot of them decided to starve themselves to death to prove the moral legitimacy of their "imaginary" Republican Government, O'Connor—whose concept of life was far more imaginative—saw the plan for what it was: a show of mass martyrdom as politically sinister as it was morally absurd. Very sensibly he decided against it. He was in favor of living, and said so, and acted so. Though he spoke and acted alone.

Now, forty years later, it seems an easy and simple thing to have said and done. (In retrospect, of course, the whole affair has also a comic dimension.) But so do O'Connor's stories seem easy and simple—as uncontrived as the talk of one friend to another over a drink or around the fire in a club. The importance of that decision—the hunger strike failed of course, but that was not important—was in the definition it first gave to the man who wrote the stories that have so delighted us all. This is not to say that his character—or his "style"—was then wholly defined, but that it was given a shape and a direction. Its shape was faith in the life around him, its direction the life of the imagination, and its freedom the right to be sane in a mad world. It marked his identity as his mother's son, which made it possible for him to be his own man, a writer whose work—because, perhaps, it *is* an allegory of his passage through life—is quite unlike anything that was before him or, I think, anything that will come after.

The Bible We Deserve

THE NEW ENGLISH BIBLE: THE NEW TESTAMENT. Translated by an interdenominational committee. Oxford and Cambridge University Presses. 447 pp. $4.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

VERY SELDOM has any book of any kind been given the advance publicity blow-up that has launched this new translation of the New Testament. I understand that the initial print order was one of the largest in the history of publishing. Since the first of the year editorials, pre-reviews, hand-outs, news stories have been appearing everywhere. You'd think it was a paperback, with illustrations from stills of the picture, of *The Life of Christ* by Carl Sandburg, with Elizabeth Taylor and Marlon Brando. However lavish the salesmanship, it is apparent that the interest is genuine, the demand is there. What is this demand? And does this translation meet it?

Superficially, the arguments for a new translation are, as they have always been, quite convincing. The language of the King James Version is archaic. We now have an immense amount of material, codices or quoted passages in other early writing, that is much older than the texts which were available to the Jacobean translators. We know a good deal more about the meaning of the Greek in certain ambiguous passages. We know a vast deal more about the life and times of Christ and His disciples, and still more about the Old Testament days, so that we can interpret the text with greater understanding. We certainly assume that we are far less time-bound and ethnocentric than a group of Anglican divines of the early seventeenth century. We are more self-critical and less likely to phrase the text to fit our own doctrinal or liturgical presuppositions. (The most famous example of this fault is the use of "chalice" instead of "cup" in the Douai accounts of the Passion.)

The clergy, especially the Liberal Protestant or Broad Church clergy, insist that the language of the King James Version is alien to modern congregations, and even more alien for missionary purposes to those, especially "young people," who are outside the churches. The chairman of the committee responsible for the present translation announced it with the words, "I hope we have produced a work which will be read by the younger generation who now regard the Bible, with its archaic phrases, as a stuffy and old-fashioned book." *Time* magazine, expanding this remark, goes on to say, "Despite its many magnificent drums and tramplings, the 350-year-old King James Version might as well be in the original Greek for all the sense most moderns can make of it."

What was that? I would say that this bit of wisdom indicates only that *Time* thinks so little of its "Religion" section that it employs Zen Buddhists who have never read the Bible to write copy.

IT IS not difficult to suspect a fallacy in the second argument, the one from the change in the audience. The validity of the first argument is simply a matter of information. Have the researches of paleography and archæology presented us with enough emendations, and emendations of sufficient importance, to warrant an entirely new translation? They have not. There is not a single universally accepted change in the Greek text, as it was available to the King James translators, which makes the slightest difference in the facts of the Gospel narrative, or in what is called "doctrine, faith and morals." Three hundred and fifty years of research and discovery—in the text, that is—have not advanced the disputed questions of the Virgin Birth, the existence, nature and number of the Sacraments, the Personality, Divinity and Humanity of Jesus, the doctrine of the Trinity, the institution of a priesthood, the meaning of the Death and Passion of Jesus, all the other points at issue in the dogmatic disputes of the churches—not one of the questions has been advanced one iota from where it stood in the days of Launcelot Andrewes and Archbishop Laud . . . or George Fox.

Are we less ethnocentric than the committee of Jacobean divines? That is a dilemma like "Cleon says all Cretans are liars. But Cleon is a Cretan." The King James Version has a definite Baroque splendor. But the new version has a definite British Liberal Protestant tone, sometimes casual, sometimes chummy, sometimes drab. The *koine* of the originals may have been the common tongue of the Eastern Mediterranean of the First Century, but the language of the Evangelists and Paul is more often splendid than chummy, and it is never drab. Robbed of its splendor, the Book of Revelations sounds rather like the ravings of a crank. Perhaps this is a genuine crux. The fact is that the Apocalypse cannot be translated into the common speech of the suburbs of London and Glasgow, without being totally changed in significance.

As for our increase in historical knowledge, the New Testament is one

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of the largest collections of primary source material for any period of history. All subsequent archaeology and historical research simply broadens and clarifies details of the narrative as it has come down to us—as far as retranslation of the text goes, that is. The Jacobean divines may have been, like all of us, ethnocentric, but I doubt if they envisaged the Apostles as British courtiers and scholars and members of the House of Lords.

THE test for success of a translation is the convincingness with which it projects a foreign or past original onto a native or modern stage. Are the Jesus and Apostles of *The New English Bible* dramatically believable? Do we feel "This is the way it would have looked to me if I had been there?" Or do we feel that the accidental present is being forcibly projected into the past, like *Hamlet in Evening Clothes?*

In the first place, *The New English Bible* is full of mediocre writing as well as careless language. One reviewer has pointed to the story of the entry into Jerusalem, where the colt is tethered to a door, "a usage so modern ('tether' hitherto meaning to tie an animal where it can graze) that it hasn't got into the dictionaries." The chairman of the panel of translators, Professor C. H. Dodd, has said that his committee, suspecting rightly that exact scholarship does not always go with a sensitive feeling for literary style, invited another panel of experts, whose names have not been officially divulged, to give lightness and grace to the scholars' prose. Read that over carefully. Surely one literary felicity lacking to Professor Dodd is irony. The Anonymous Lightness and Grace Committee is a notion worthy of Gilbert and Sullivan.

Do the translators of *The New English Bible* illuminate or distort the text? Beyond questions of accuracy and lightness and grace, it is a question of tone. The King James translators believed the words of the New Testament in a way that a panel of modern scholars does not. The archetypical, hieratic grandeur of the narrative, as Toynbee has so ingeniously analyzed it, the transfigured schema of tragic drama—this had a significance for Anglican priests of the early seventeenth century that it simply does not have for a liberal scholar or theologian today. Furthermore, that seventeenth-century significance was enough like the significance felt by the first-century Evangelists themselves for identification to be possible. The darkness of the Passion is not congenial to a committee of modern scholars. The even darker, semi-gnostic speculation by the author of the *Epistle to the Romans* and the introduction to the *Gospel of John*, are still less congenial. To the early seventeenth century such occult Platonism was more than congenial, it was positively up to date. So a cosmogonic vision like VIII Romans is far clearer in the King James Version than it is in *The New English Bible*.

I think the Committee did its best work in the Pastoral Epistles, the low-keyed passages of narrative in Matthew and Mark and the straightforward historical prose of Acts. (The poetry of Luke, and the gentle, feminine tone of that Gospel seems to have escaped them altogether. Here both Moffat and Knox far surpass them.) It is obvious what is happening. Where the original is secular and "other directed," the modern, secular, other directed translators can identify with it. Where it is not, they miss the essential tone.

Where the actors and speakers of the New Testament are "like us" they seem a little closer, at least for a change, in words that are like ours. The trouble is, nobody in the New Testament was much like the members of a Broad Committee.

How archaic, in fact, is the King James Version? It is clearly ridiculous to say that it might as well be in the original Greek for all the sense most moderns can make of it. Most moderns seem to make sufficient sense of Shakespeare—he is rather popular on BBC television—and the Bible is in somewhat less archaic language. An amused *Time* correspondent wrote in to ask if the editors thought "robbers' cave" was less archaic and more easily understood than "den of thieves." The Salvation Army, the Pentecostal sects, Negro store front churches, these are all groups who seem to get a great deal out of the Authorized Version. In fact, it is amongst those sects that emphasize precisely the "archaic" text that evangelism is most successful; and it is amongst liberal Protestants, who want an up-to-date version, that evangelism is least successful. Perhaps it is the religion that seems stuffy and old fashioned to the "younger generation," not the language.

I am afraid I took this assignment more seriously than it warrants. I gathered all the recent translations of the Bible I could obtain. I hoped to do an extensive, judicial, even scholarly, comparison of them all. It is not worth the space and trouble. What is wrong with them all is that they are not very good. The King James translators were great writers; Goodspeed, Moffat, Rieu, Philips and the committee responsible for *The New English Bible* are not. They are pedestrian, and the New Testament may have many faults, but it is not pedestrian. For my taste, the best of the modern translations are Father Ronald Knox's and something that might well have been a monstrosity, *The Basic English Bible*. Father Knox has style; it may be a narrow style, but style it is. *The New English Bible* is close to styleless, it is so obviously the work of a Broad Committee. *The Basic Bible* is an engaging oddity, and it is certainly simple enough for the simplest to understand.

The Mirror of MacLeish

POETRY AND EXPERIENCE. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Co. 199 pp. $4.

Richard Eberhart

A PERIOD of teaching in the University has turned Archibald MacLeish's prose away from the concerns it had earlier. He used to write prose with a passionate concern for humanity, its liberal causes, but now he turns this instrument to an affable study of poetry. This book is like good talk or conversation; it stems from classroom exercises which were subsequently given as public lectures.

The best thing about *Poetry and Experience*, perhaps, is the fact that it is written in an easy style which allows MacLeish's ideas to be immediately communicated with a minimum of ambiguity and difficulty. By engaging this method he eschews a ponderous, solemn academic style, and makes his book potentially pleasing to the world beyond the universities. This is all to the good after decades of inspissated criticism.

Perhaps the worst thing about the book is its mirror-like quality. It is in no way a seminal or revolutionary work, but a reflecting one. MacLeish has always had a bent for reflecting the times, for entertaining the present scene as it is. He does not beget many new ideas, but he reflects a good many current ones. His examples here from literary per-

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sons and literary works, with some exceptions, are expected. What could be less startling than to write on Dickinson, Yeats, Keats and Rimbaud, yet these are the four poets he chooses and on whom he writes with generosity and warmth. His discussions reflect other discussions of the same matters in the last decade or more. Since it has become popular recently to quote "O Western Wind," we are not startled to find MacLeish quoting it. He keeps current literary exchange in circulation.

Before he comes to his four poets he provides four chapters entitled "Words as Sounds," "Words as Signs," "Images" and "Metaphor." MacLeish is good at asking questions. He brings the reader directly along in an argument by asking questions which he then tries sincerely and honestly to answer. In "Words as Sounds" he worries Mallarmé's assertion that poetry is not made "with ideas but with words . . . words as sensuous events." He leans to the notion that sound is prime to a word, but sees that meaning is also essential. Adjudicating, he admits both claims. Mallarmé's proposition remains.

THE chapter, "Words as Signs," complicates his study. He considers the meaning in a poem, according to "the double structure of poetry," in connection with the sounds of words. He is nowhere more delightful than in writing of the anonymous English lyric containing the lines "The baily berith the bell away; /the lilly, the rose, the rose I lay." This is a new poem to have pointed up, but it is followed for consideration by such a conventional sonnet as Shakespeare's "Let me not to the marriage of true minds/Admit impediments." He sees that, in the poetic examples he gives, "the structure of meaning is different from the structure of meanings in prose." "But *in* the poem this illogical meaning *comes* to mean — by the touch of feeling." "The structure of meaning which the reason cannot find — or can find only to destroy — exists in the emotions." He falls back on Coleridge in the end, quoting the expected passage. Signs must make for some kind of indefinable magic, Coleridge's "synthetic and magical power."

In "Images" he tries to get close to the essence of poetry through the visible quality of Chinese poetry. This is interesting and also a reflection of popular academic concern. He engages Wu-ti, Tu Fu and Li Po. The chapter is sensuously appreciative literary criticism.

In "Metaphor" MacLeish struggles hardest with his problems. He adduces the notion of a "coupling of images, though the coupling may include more images than two" and asks what is the nature of the meaning which coupled images can contain. "Is it emotional only?" Then he lets himself go for one of the best passages in the book:

> To feel is at least to feel. The crime against life, the worst of all crimes, is *not* to feel. And there was never, perhaps, a civilization in which that crime, the crime of torpor, of lethargy, of apathy, the snake-like sins of coldness-at-the-heart, was commoner than in our technological civilization. . . . If poetry can call our numbed emotions to life, its plain human usefulness needs no further demonstration.

He believes in the primacy of the coupling of images as means to meaning in poetry. Symbols and coupled images are basically the same in structure ("it is *relationship* here . . . which provides the means to meaning"). "The relation of the unrelated is the ultimate or, in any case, the characteristic, meaning of poetry," he argues, and that "the coupling of images, which is the relation of the unrelated in practice and in fact, the characteristic means to meaning."

MacLeish adds something to Richards' notion (the book is dedicated to Richards) that "metaphor is the supreme agent by which disparate and hitherto unconnected things are brought together in poetry." MacLeish's formula is "what gives a metaphor its power is precisely the coupling of images of which all metaphors are composed."

In this chapter we are entertained by criticism of poems by Baudelaire, Donne, Coleridge and Yeats, and finally by Marvell's Coy Mistress.

Having wrestled with theories, MacLeish gives over the second half of the book to studies of the four poets, on whom he writes freely and warmly.

The chapter on Emily Dickinson uses her tone as a touchstone for her work.

In "The Public World," on Yeats, MacLeish lets himself go again for the second notable emotional outbreak, pp. 116-118, a statement of the badness of the times, recognizing the divorce of poetry from both politics and society. Yeats wanted a public world for poetry and wanted his poetry, at one point, to incite Irishmen to fight. MacLeish brandishes a flash of rhetoric.

On Rimbaud and Keats he writes well: he is a little afraid of the former, and employs a sage respect for the latter. You learn something new about MacLeish in reading him on Rimbaud, but you do not learn anything new about Keats in reading him on Keats.

ART

Fairfield Porter

CONTINUING the series of national exhibitions that we have been privileged to enjoy since the war are the two magnificent exhibitions now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. One is a survey of Italian drawings from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries, selected by Dr. Giulia Sinibaldi, director of the drawing and print collection of the Uffizi. The other is a survey of French paintings, drawings, tapestries and sculpture from 1600 to the death of Louis XIV in 1715.

The largest corpus of art in the West was produced in Italy, the second largest in France. The seventeenth century saw the Italianization of France. French civilization of that century is not nearly well enough known to us, who, as Mr. Rousseau, curator of paintings at the Metropolitan, says, tend to see history through English eyes. We are too little aware of the similarities between Louis and Cromwell. In both England and France an absolute state, modeled on Italian despotism, forced a social revolution that destroyed the power of the aristocracy in favor of economic domination by the middle class. English Puritanism was matched by the puritanism of the Counter Reformation.

All this had previously germinated in the North Italian city states. The Itali-

"THE BASIC RAW MATERIAL is everything you've seen and heard and felt, it's your childhood and your education and serving in the army, and travelling in odd places, and finding yourself in odd situations. It is those rare moments of suffering and delight when a man's private sensations are amplified and illuminated by a flash of insight that gives him the certainty that what he is seeing and feeling is what millions of his fellowmen see and feel in the same situation only heightened. Seen a little sharper perhaps."

—from "Contemporary Chronicles," by John Dos Passos, in the spring issue of **The Carleton Miscellany.**

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ans, surrounded by the ruins and survivals of Hellenism, had never been entirely convinced by Gothic inventions. Italian Gothic architecture is airy with Roman spaciousness; Italian sculpture never deviated so far from Greek origins as the medieval sculpture of the North. Though Italian painting until the fifteenth century had elements of Gothic naturalism, it was also based on conventionalities of a decadent Hellenism, as one can see in Sienese painting. The Gothic man left wholeness to God; society was called Christendom. Man's province was the details of nature. No one man is responsible for the coherence of a Gothic cathedral; it is a group effort whose totality is beyond the comprehension of a single person's imagination.

Today we call the logic of its form organic, which is to say, like nature. Secular humanity is expressed in the carved details of animals and plants, as well as in humorous irregularities. This naturalism shows in the fourteenth-century animal drawings of the school of Giovanni de' Grassi. Both the surviving conventions of Hellenism and the medieval artist's assumption that wholeness is too large a matter for a single person's concern, show in the drawings of Parri Spinelli, where the features and drapery are vaguely Greek, but the connections limp. The spaciousness of Italian Gothic shows in the copy after the Giottesque fresco of the Visitation.

Italian drawing is like a distillate of the Italian visual arts. It follows the essential development of Western art up to the eighteenth century. Medieval naturalism that leaves wholeness to God, implies security. One concerns oneself with things, and with the plurality of the world. Then questioning begins. What are things? Italian art developed through attention to those facts which are man's province: first, anatomy; next, appearance, how things look, which leads to perspective; then, what do we see, which leads to a questioning of the assumption of wholeness, for if the natures of the parts are questioned, so will be questioned what they add up to.

There is Uccello's perspective study of the *mazzocchio,* the wicker frame for the doughnut-shaped Florentine headpiece; in this, and in the studies of anatomy from Pollaiuolo up to Leonardo's and Michelangelo's mastery of anatomy, there is a continuous questioning of medieval materialism, a redoing of aspects of art, a new look at experience, and therefore at reality. In Pontormo's schematic anatomy and in Tintoretto's abstract laying out of a figure on co-ordinates, we see this new specific knowledge applied to a new sense of the whole — the whole, now, as man-made. In the fourteenth century the wholeness, like the detail, was unquestioned; it was organic, natural, only for God to understand. The new wholeness is artificial, human, inorganic, within man's province. Art is no longer continuous with nature: it has acquired an independent existence, pretending to equality with nature.

From mastery of detail follows in the seventeenth century the assimilation of detail into composition: even when the parts may seem to fly outward, the whole turns inward on itself, instead of presenting a parade of relations, such as is characteristic of Piero or Perugino. In the wash drawings of Guercino, Ludovico Carracci, Tiepolo and Guardi, the detail can no longer be separated from the picture; its significance is partial to the composition. Light unifies. Pollaiulo's anatomy does not add up to so firm a totality as in the later anatomists; as Dr. Sinibaldi says, his drawing, which trembles with uncertainty, "is completely traversed by an overt and embattled search for something." It is wholeness that is sought, a wholeness attained later by Raphael. For Raphael, art is beautiful, not because it looks like nature, but because it makes a model for nature. Raphael's work parallels nature, a human totality that lies, as imagined by writers of science fiction, in another dimension outside the world of nature. But this wholeness is not the last one. There comes the new Venetian naturalism, as in Jacopo Bassano's drawing of rabbits, or the studies of Titian, denying line, as Goya did later on, and for this reason denying drawing as a separate art form.

CRITICS who find non-objectivity anti-traditional, do not see that tradition is a process. It leads to non-objectivity like this: first, acceptance of nature as including the artist, who is, like one of the details of his painting, an equal part of creation; next, a questioning of what things are, of what we see; then a questioning of how we see; from here to a consideration of vision itself; then to the one who sees, the artist as part of a duality of nature and recipient; to the artist in introspection, and a denial of objectivity.

In seventeenth-century France, Descartes proved existence by his own existence, which he knew introspectively. Here is the germ of the artistic present. At the same time the French took on the Italian role of responsibility for the continuation of classicism. Learning their art in Italy, the French artists of the seventeenth century, like brilliant pupils, saw behind their teachers, they saw through Italianism to its classical beginnings; they started a Roman revival. This is the conscious side of French painting. This is the significance of the Academy of Le Brun, and of such an intellectual expatriate as Poussin. Poussin could not relax in any way: his anatomy was unvaryingly perfect; color, atmosphere, everything that he could learn from the Italians, he would not allow himself to take for granted. As an outsider, he was too much aware of its value. It is as though he carried on his own shoulders the whole burden revealed by the Renaissance, as though he were personally responsible for maintaining the completeness and the culmination of art. There are two styles in Poussin's work. One, represented by the Metropolitan's *Rape of the Sabine Women,* is all intellectual, consciously fabricated, leaving nothing to the quality of the medium. This painting is the work of an esthetic puritan, guided by will, education and a ferocious conscience, held in heroic balance. The other, represented by the liquid *Entry of Christ into Jerusalem* (as to the ascription of which there is some doubt), is full of painterly surprises and a reserve strength showing in in-

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explicable formal intuitions, as a variation between softness and crispness, and a crazy split between different colored draperies on the same figure, as if they were at different distances from the spectator's eye. But because one accepts these illogicalities as inevitable, they make for charm and vitality.

The Metropolitan exhibition contains the grandest Poussin in this country, *The Death of Germanicus*, recently acquired by the Minneapolis Institute of Arts. There are also a number of Claude seascapes which indicate the genesis of Turner; but Claude's sea has a restrained atmospheric limpidity that draws you hypnotically into the painting, into its world, as though you were there, by the shore. Turner's speech, when he describes the sea, is as coarse as his perceptions are sharp. Claude intoxicates, Turner is drunk. The conscious side of Italianization shows further in the academic paintings of Le Brun, the Caravaggio-like Valentin, La Hyre's *Adoration of the Shepherds*, with a Bellini-blue sky, and Vouet's mastery of many styles, from his early imitation of Caravaggio in the self portrait, to the graceful lightness and purity of color in the *Three Marys at the Tomb*. These imitations of Italian styles are hardly inferior to their models, and the leadership of art went from Italy to France, notwithstanding the greater genius of specific painters in Spain and the Netherlands. Italian was the language of Europe in the seventeenth century, French in the eighteenth.

BUT this is half the picture. The other half consists of the bourgeois painters, especially Georges de la Tour and the brothers Le Nain. La Tour's paintings almost all featured an interior light from a candle. *The Woman and the Flea* as well as *Saint Irene with the Wounded Saint Sebastian*, prefigure Balthus. So does *Venus at the Forge of Vulcan* by Louis and Mathieu Le Nain. In La Tour it is the rectangular combination of blandness with something shocking, and the spell-like stillness. In the Brothers Le Nain it is a self reliance, perhaps the self reliance of the new managing class, or of persons whose good manners come from natural sensitiveness more than from rules of behavior. *The Trictrac Players* of Mathieu Le Nain looks ahead to Cézanne's card players, and it and *The Card Players*, also by Mathieu, to certain early De Koonings. As Descartes proved existence by his own existence, validated in introspection, so these bourgeois artists proved art by their own practice, validated less by comparison to Italian precedent than within the paintings themselves. Where the aristocratic painters mastered foreign precedent, the bourgeois painters assimilated tradition at a less conscious level to a new naturalism, as thirteenth-century French sculptors had assimilated Hellenism to Gothic naturalism.

Americans have been too little aware of the French Renaissance. That is because, where the Italian Renaissance attracts us with its suggestions of youth, adventure and the opening of new possibilities, the French has suggested to us duty, heroic responsibility, an almost joyless splendor. French splendor had a high price. In winter, in the new palace of Versailles, the king's wine froze at the table. By comparison the Massachusetts Puritans were well prepared for their camping out, and they carried no white man's burden. The French court carried the whole burden of reason, individual responsibility within a Catholic framework, and of civilization. They chose to do so. And this exhibition proves that their *tour de force* was a magnificent success.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

MARY! MARY! by Jean Kerr (Helen Hayes Theatre) is a "good show." I put the phrase in quotes not because I mean it to be construed ironically, but because, though I have no need or appetite for the sort of relaxation it affords, I recognize its efficient merits. Since it is well cast—Barry Nelson, Michael Rennie, John Cromwell, Betsy von Furstenberg are all excellent—and nicely directed by Joseph Anthony; and since Barbara Bel Geddes is an actress I adore—she softens brittleness by the sweetness of her disposition, the downiness of her voice and something tenderly twinkling in her whole person—I am obliged to set the event down with perhaps a casual objectivity as a good show.

Jean Kerr knows how to crack wise. She manages to do so incessantly in *Mary! Mary!* without becoming tiresome. Wisecracking is less than wit: it is as horseplay to humor. It does not illuminate, it surprises. To be continuously surprised is to be burdened. It is like sustaining a hail of kisses. One is not sure whether one is being treated with affection or being made the subject of a practical joke.

Mrs. Kerr's cracks are agile, shrewd, light and literate. They leap effortlessly and gracefully from her characters' lips. They add to their social entertainment value by being archly wicked with numerous topical allusions. They flatter the audience by making it feel hep-to-date. The total effect may be summed up as the charming affability of a hostess who, if she were not so sure of her skill, might dread her guests' being unamused even for a moment.

Recalling the play's wisp of a plot, one wonders if there might not have been more to it than meets the ear. The husband in this comedy is a nice fellow but utterly obtuse (though a good publisher!) and a dunderhead in human relations, particularly in regard to women. In a word, he is lovable but dumb, which is how most women seem to regard their "intelligent" mates. The wife is delightful in every way except that she has a quick tongue, a faculty for scalding the blubber of her honest husband's fatuousness — a gift which must gladden everyone except him.

Is the play intended, after all, to make a comment: gentlemen stop being such infernal asses; ladies shut up? Do the ladies enjoy the show because they recognize their alter ego in Mary, and do

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the men like it because they see themselves forgiven because they are after all necessary? If such thoughts were part of the author's purpose, they are fortunately spirited away by the Bel Geddes glow. The unkind note in Mrs. Kerr's previous play, *The King of Hearts*, is modified here to a girlish laughter in which a feminine caress heals the sting of derision.

WHATEVER values Morris L. West's novel *The Devil's Advocate* may have (I did not read it) I find very little value in the play Dore Schary has made of it (Billy Rose Theatre). It is the kind of serious play on an important theme with which I have scant patience.

It will probably appeal to many, however, for it has "everything." Item: Respect for religious belief. If one believes in God, we are told, one must believe in miracles. Is there a miracle in this play? One may have it either way. Item: The Catholic Church is shown to have within its priesthood men who are not only sophisticated and liberal, but some who feel themselves out of touch with life and thus in sore need of spiritual fulfillment. Item: Regard for simple folk: there is the wholesome Italian peasant woman who has borne a bastard to the man whose nomination for sanctification the Church is now investigating. There is also the (Italian) Jewish doctor whose gentle skepticism and warm humanity make him everyone's friend. Item: Sex. On the one hand we have the promiscuous (English) Contessa who for lack of love is tormented by insatiable desire, hence pitiable; and on the other there is a homosexual who is both reproved and regarded with compassion. Finally, we get a proper dosage of anti-communism.

There is no true center to this tissue of fabrications and devices. I am not convinced and therefore cannot be moved by the Monsignor who, dying of cancer without having made any intimate contact with life, finally achieves grace by becoming involved with the sufferings of the inhabitants of an obscure Calabrian town. All the characters are counterfeit images, as schematic and hollow as the scenery Jo Mielziner has set on the treadmill that moves in smooth statelessness across the expanse of the stage.

The play, in the main, is miscast, though there are some good actors in it (Sam Levene for one). Very few of these actors do more than illustrate their roles audibly, responding to direction by Dore Schary which is wholly trite.

THE CHARACTER of Hamlet, said Hazlitt, "is probably of all others the most difficult to personate on the stage." The reason is that, besides requiring of the actor tremendous physical prowess, mastery of speech and enormous resources of passion and perception, Hamlet is the kind of man, to quote Shaw, "whose passion has produced the philosophy, the art and the statecraft of the world," a man endowed, to return to Hazlitt, with "an excess of intellectual refinement."

I have seen John Gielgud, Maurice Evans, Alec Guinness, Laurence Olivier (in the film), Raymond Massey, Jean-Louis Barrault, Fritz Weaver, John Neville in the role and, though several of these actors measured up to some of its demands, I have never felt that any of them was Hamlet by half. (I missed John Barrymore's Hamlet, but I regard him as the only American actor within my theatregoing experience who was thoroughly equipped to create the full figure.)

None of the actors mentioned appeared in productions with great permanent ensembles under the leadership of an artistically commanding director essential to the play's complete realization. I am convinced, moreover, that no production rehearsed, as most of ours have to be, for four or five weeks can cope with the problems of this complex and mighty masterpiece, which is not so much a perfect play as an overwhelming dramatic and poetic phenomenon — like an earth force. To believe otherwise is either not to appreciate the play's nature or not to comprehend the theatre's scope.

It is therefore not too harsh to say that the *Hamlet* at the Phoenix is something like a talented college effort. The play is made to move swiftly with a certain boyish *élan*, the plot as such is clearly articulated, one hears the words distinctly although the voices are hardly gratifying or the readings beautiful.

Douglas Madden is a handsome young actor of likable personality wholly devoted to his task, which he performs with sensibility as well as valiance. Joyce Ebert makes a more sympathetic Ophelia than many older and more experienced actresses who have assayed the part, but never, despite the lovely poetry it contains, have I been able to rid myself of a sense of discomfort with it. The mad scene is hardly ever made pretty or painful enough and it intrudes rather awkwardly across the pattern and progress of the play. John Heffernan, badly made up, does not fail to provide a few smile-provoking moments as Polonius.

In brief: I can recommend the performance to those who — whether young or old — are still unfamiliar with the staged play.

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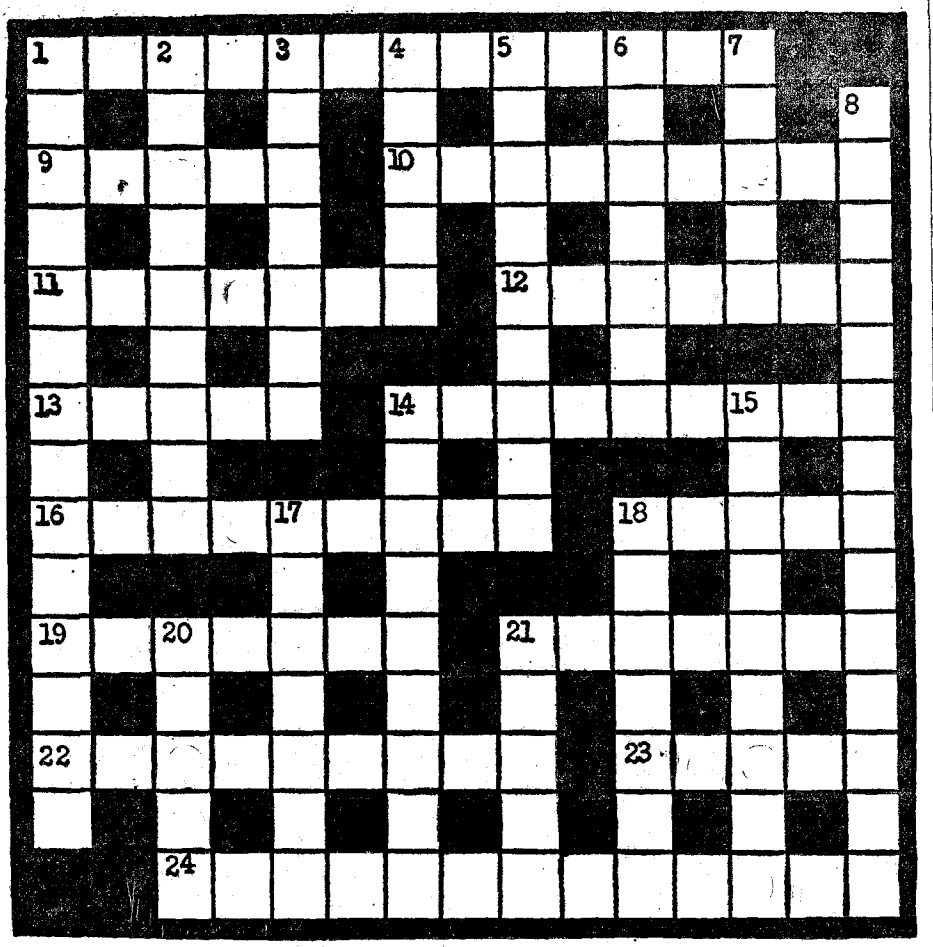
Crossword Puzzle No. 910

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Varies the construction of it in control of the disputatious. (13)
9 To hint at slightly less than a thousand strands? (5)
10 Will the content of the greatest "Amen!", they say? (9)
11 Gowned in the style of the past. (7)
12 A wild moose in shape to take the offensive. (7)
13 Spruce. (5)
14 He has to answer for someone else's action. (9)
16 It might be necessary to change it to see Stalin. (9)
18 Could one make a sort of Spartan slave this accommodating? (5)
19 A rolling accompaniment might put you to sleep. (7)
21 Marcus Vipsanius had this at last. (7)
22 The girl an astronaut might come back to. (9)
23 Sudra, etc., as an example of change? (5)
24 What grasshoppers make turns liars into dust. (13)

DOWN:

1 Is Ghent so cowardly? (7-7)
2 Their pins might create trouble. (9)
3 How some hands are flushed? (7)
4 Exercised right in expression of opinion. (5)
5 Indignant at the fun Lester spoils? (9)
6 A reputedly fine hand. (7)
7 Did George his father remain as nearly stationary as feasible? (3,2)
8 Wings, when white, used to be more familiar. (6,8)
14 Two unpopular types to college students in their cups, perhaps. (4,5)
15 Points at a broken relish dish? (9)
17 Introduces coordinates therein, it seems. (7)
18 A rickety chair to set down on the table, perhaps. (7)
20 Responsible for growing vegetation and a number of things, by the sound of it. (5)
21 Garrick said Goldsmith wrote like one. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 909

ACROSS: 1 Euphuistic; 6 Asps; 10 Antique; 11 Oarlock; 12 Conventionally; 14 Planters; 15 Luanda; 16 Tallow; 18 Homespun; 22 Breathlessness; 24 Scholar; 25 Adamite; 26 Duse; 27 Candidates. DOWN: 1 Emancipate; 2 Petunia; 3 Unquestionably; 4 Sweeter; 5 Isopod; 7 Swollen; 8 Sake; 9 Treasure Island; 13 Garnishees; 17 Lurches; 19 Operand; 20 Predict; 21 Sherpa; 23 Used.

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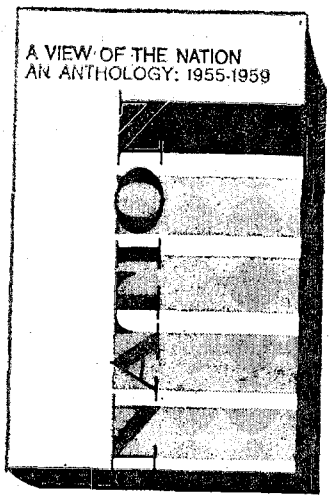

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